

Biker

Pretenders

Biker, they tell me
You're a dangerous lover
Well, that might be true Oh, but I'd never ride with another
Maybe they've never had their arms around
Anything so wild and free You bring the biker out in me I can't understand it
Why people give you grief?
You play the one armed bandit
Like and outlaw with a belief To them it's the norm
For a man to conform
To a godless society You bring the biker out in me
You bring the biker out in me Because they've no interest
In the struggle to obtain
The status and bogus desires
That drive most people insane You who have nothing have
Something that only the 1 per cent
Could ever see You bring the biker out in me
You bring the biker out in me

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